

**UNCANNY VALLEY**

Episode 1.06

"Caught in the Web"

Written by

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36. Audrey's old studio. Street sounds outside. On and off drilling noises. Metal scraping.

IZZY

Steeeady. Steady!

AUDREY

Oh my god, can you stop? I know what I'm doing.

IZZY

And I know that drill looks very fast and very sharp. Excuse me for not exactly wanting to escort you into ghosthood before the Bachelor finale airs.

AUDREY

I'd like to think you have better reasons for not wanting to watch me brutally die in front of you.

IZZY

My love for you can only be matched by my hatred for Ashley P.

A phone rings.

AUDREY

Thank God.

IZZY

I must see that bitch get her due, Audrey. I must.

AUDREY

Hello?

NORA

Audrey. How are you?

AUDREY

Good, good. Working extra-safely with the new materials your guy dropped off. You have a guy to drop things off. Clearly I made the right decision signing up with you.

NORA

Well, I'm going to reconfirm that, because I'm calling you with some good news. I know you sometimes work seated...

AUDREY

I am indeed sitting.

NORA

You know that group I was in talks with last month? With the small-but-mighty chain of boutique hotels?

AUDREY

Yeah! They had that name we made fun of a little...was it Visions? Or something else vague-chic?

NORA

Visions, yeah. Well, I hate to say it, but we might have to put that little joke to rest. Seeing as they signed a contract with you about half an hour ago.

AUDREY

Holy shit. Are you serious?

NORA

Sure am. And they've already got a couple of their lobbies lined up with potential installation dates, so not to light a fire under your ass but...

AUDREY

Are you kidding? Light whatever fire you want, this is incredible. I...this is really unbelievable Nora. Thank you so, so much.

NORA

Hey, it's my job. But you're welcome.  
(beat)

You deserve it. Really. All the work you put into those pieces...I've been waiting for a break like this. For you.

AUDREY

Thanks, Nora. You're the best.

NORA

Hey, I won't argue. Look, I'll shoot all the details your way in a few, I just wanted to let you know first. I'll text you when you can come by and sign everything to make it official. Drinks on me afterward.

AUDREY

How many thank yous until I cross some kind of social etiquette line?

NORA

(chuckles)

You're welcome, Audrey. Congratulations again. I'll talk to you soon.

AUDREY

Bye, Nora.

Phone disconnects.

IZZY

Don't tell me: they hated it.

AUDREY

Very funny.

IZZY

I know. But did you get it? The deal with the fancy-schmancy hotel people?

AUDREY

Yeah. Somehow.

IZZY

Woo! Let's go get you a celebratory latte from the Bucks!

AUDREY

What if that weird guy is there again?

IZZY

That's the beauty of this intricate plan: it's not your normal latte time.

AUDREY

I guess. This deal is...well, a big deal. I kind of can't believe it.

IZZY

Please. They could either pick an incredible dynamic display of artwork or just mass order a bunch of ominous black and white photos of, like, Ferris wheels.

AUDREY

Was there a compliment hidden in there somewhere?

IZZY

Ugh. You know I'm not the mushy type.

AUDREY

Come on, you can do it.  
"Congratulations, Audrey." "Way to go, Audrey." "You inspire me every day, Audrey."

IZZY

Can I throw up? Because I definitely feel something coming up.

AUDREY

No. It's a rule.

IZZY

You just made that up.

AUDREY

It comes right after rule eighty-seven: spirits are required by law to be unconditionally supportive of the humans they accompany. Minimum six compliments a day.

IZZY  
Damn you, Nora.  
(sighs)  
Congratulations, Audrey. You did good  
art.

AUDREY  
Why thank you, Isolabella. I appreciate  
that.

IZZY  
(exaggerated sigh)  
Guess there could be worse people to be  
stuck with.

AUDREY  
Love you too, Izzy.

PAST TO PRESENT TRANSITION

37. Snow machine engine runs as Audrey rides into town,  
alone. Engine cuts.

AUDREY  
(sighs)

Footsteps as she dismounts and begins to head into town.

DAHLIA  
(from afar)  
Afternoon, stranger!

AUDREY  
Oh. Hi, Dahlia.

DAHLIA  
Hi, yourself. I was just about to hunt  
you down. Not naming names, but a  
certain incredible pilot may have a  
couple special deliveries waiting for  
you.

AUDREY  
Wait...the drill bits? Already?

DAHLIA

I guess you'll just have to come and find out, eh?

(beat)

But yeah. The drill bits. Trips come a little more frequently now that everyone's prepping for the storm, so I got to get out early this morning.

AUDREY

Geez. I can't thank you enough. I was going crazy without anything to do.

DAHLIA

Don't mention it. Walk back with me? If you're not going anywhere else, that is.

AUDREY

Didn't exactly have a plan in mind.

They begin walking back to the general store.

DAHLIA

What brings you into town today anyway? Not that you need a reason, but your cabin isn't exactly a hop skip and jump away.

AUDREY

Honestly? I think I just wanted to see people. Real people. For a little bit anyway.

DAHLIA

Real people, huh? Daunting, for sure, but I'll do my best to be as real as I can be. You'll have to excuse me if I occasionally fade into the breeze, though. Habit.

AUDREY

(laughs)

You're about as real as it gets.

DAHLIA

Appreciate the sentiment. But hey, I get it. It's lonely enough in town sometimes. Can't imagine what it's like moving from a big city into that secluded little place of yours.

(beat)

Anything else bugging you? Not to pry, you just seem a little down.

AUDREY

Does it show that much?

DAHLIA

No offense, but I can literally hear you dragging your feet.

AUDREY

Guess so.

(beat)

I...my friend and I had a kind of a falling out. After you left my place. We...I called her and we just snapped at each other about some things and then that was it. She hung up.

(beat)

We haven't talked since. And she won't answer. It really sucks.

DAHLIA

Hey, no need to explain. I get it. Shit happens. Sometimes you just need time to cool off. I'm sure she'll come around.

AUDREY

I hope so.

DAHLIA

But hey, if you're looking for a little companionship, I'm off to Grandma's place after this. We'd be happy to have you for a little. She just whipped up some bomb-ass soup. Good for drowning sorrows in.



AUDREY

You really wouldn't mind?

DAHLIA

Never. You're like the coolest chick here.

(beat)

Oh, by the way. That name...Doyle? I asked Grandma a few days ago. Didn't ring a bell.

AUDREY

Oh, that's okay. I dropped that particular thread. But I appreciate you asking.

DAHLIA

'Course. She...huh. Wonder what's going on there.

They near the general store, where Gareth is pounding on the door. The pounding grows louder as they come closer.

GARETH

Goddammit, Rox! Open this place the hell up!

AUDREY

Someone barred from their morning fifth?

DAHLIA

That's weird. I'd thought she'd be here by now.

AUDREY

Roxanne? Wasn't she there this morning?

DAHLIA

No. I had to let myself in to get everything in from the plane. I assumed she was running late, so I locked the place up behind me. I haven't seen her for days. Not out of the ordinary, exactly, but--

GARETH

Roxanne? You...oh. Dahlia.

DAHLIA

Hello yourself. Everything okay?

GARETH

Certainly not. Apparently, someone decided to take the day off without telling anybody.

DAHLIA

She's probably prepping for the storm. You know how Roxanne is in the winter.

Dahlia's keys jangle as she takes them out and unlocks the door.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

You might have to head to Lonnie's, Gareth. Roxanne doesn't like me checking out her customers for her. If I can even get past the padlock to her office.

GARETH

The hell with that. I'll take it out on credit.

The door swings open as Gareth stomps inside. Bottles clink in the back of the store.

AUDREY

Is that...?

DAHLIA

Meh. They'll sort it out themselves. Come on, I have something else for you.

She rummages around behind her counter.

DAHLIA

Ta-da!

AUDREY

A thermos? Um, thank you.

DAHLIA

"A thermos," she says. No, miss Audrey, this is a semi-fresh grande vanilla almond milk latte. Shipped personally for you from the finest Starbucks in Anchorage.

(beat)

The thermos says it should keep drinks hot for at least twelve hours. So if it's lukewarm, let me know so I can sue.

AUDREY

You didn't.

DAHLIA

I did. Take it. Taste the civilization.

AUDREY

I...thank you. This is really thoughtful. And I really needed it today.

(sip)

Wow. I missed that.

DAHLIA

Glad to be of service. And here's those bits for you, you badass blacksmith you.

AUDREY

I feel like I'm forever thanking you.

DAHLIA

Can't have our resident artist losing her inspiration on account of lacking tools. Just remember your humble little town pilot when your stuff is hanging around the Met.

AUDREY

(laughing)

It's a deal.

DAHLIA

Lovely. Now let me go kick Gareth out, and we can head over to Grandma Sage's.

She'll chew me out if I don't make lunch in time. God forbid I don't "grow big and strong."

AUDREY

Now that you say it, you do look a little thin. Sickly, even.

DAHLIA

Oh, hilarious. Glad to see someone's reinvigorated enough to rib their poor little pilot. The things I do for you people.

TRANSITION.

38. Dahlia knocks at the door of Grandma Sage's home.

DAHLIA

(calling)

Open up! I've got a guest in dire need of rutabaga soup!

A beat. She knocks again.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

(calling)

Grandma? You home?

The door swings open.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

There you are! I brought Audrey over for lunch. Is that okay?

SAGE

(haltingly)

Oh.

(beat)

Hello, girls. Why, yes, that's fine. Of course.

DAHLIA

Great!

(beat)

Um, can we come in?

SAGE

Oh, yes, yes. Of course. Right this way.

Audrey and Dahlia walk inside. The door shuts behind them.

DAHLIA

I was just telling Audrey she needs to get her hands on some of your pickling veggies before the storm sets in.

(to Audrey)

One time, I got caught in a little one for a few days with hardly anything. Almost all I had were these pickled carrots she made me take six months before. I ate, like, fifteen jars in a week. Remember, Grandma?

SAGE

(distracted)

Lovely, dear. Why don't I get you two something to drink?

AUDREY

That would be--

Grandma leaves the room before Audrey can respond.

DAHLIA

Aaand she's gone.

AUDREY

Oop. Never mind.

DAHLIA

Don't worry about it. She probably didn't hear you.

(beat)

She seems a little distracted. Maybe we came in at a weird time.

AUDREY

Do you think I should go?

DAHLIA

No, no. We're all just a little frazzled before the storm. She's got

animals to take care of, the garden,  
whole nine yards. I don't blame her.

Grandma reenters.

SAGE

Here we--oh!

The full glasses fall to the ground and shatter. An  
exclamation of surprise from all three women.

DAHLIA

Grandma! Are you okay?

SAGE

Oh, fine, fine. Just clumsy. Oh no, no,  
I can clean this up. Please.

DAHLIA

Um, okay. Audrey, why don't I show you  
the garden out back?

AUDREY

Sure!

They leave.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Um...I don't mean to be that person,  
but are you sure--

DAHLIA

I'm sure she's fine.

(beat)

Although she's been a bit high-strung  
lately. Weird. She's normally so...

AUDREY

Not?

DAHLIA

Not.

AUDREY

She kind of reminded me of me,  
actually. Before I left. What with the  
jitteriness and all.

DAHLIA

Oh yeah? Because of...He Who Shall Not Be Named?

AUDREY

Ha. Yeah.

(beat)

Cody, actually. That was his name. Is.

DAHLIA

Sounds douchey.

AUDREY

(laughs)

I guess so. Huh. That's kind of weird. I don't think I've ever told anyone else his name. Except the police.

DAHLIA

What's that old trick? About how knowing someone's name gives you power over them?

AUDREY

I don't know if I've heard of that.

DAHLIA

I promise I'm not pulling it out of my ass. It's an old myth. Greek or Egyptian or something. When gods knew each other's true names, it was what gave them dominion over them.

(beat)

I'm waxing mythological a lot lately, but doesn't mean the old stories don't carry any weight these days.

AUDREY

It's weird you say that. It feels kind of good to get it out there. His name was Cody. And he was a douchebag.

DAHLIA

Total douchebag. And you're Audrey. Total badass.

AUDREY

(laughing)

If you say so.

DAHLIA

Uprooting your life and jetting off to Alaska to get rid of some shitty guy? That's, like, the ultimate "go fuck yourself" move.

AUDREY

Maybe it is.

DAHLIA

I know it is. Say what you will about Alaska, but living here's just about the farthest thing from a cakewalk. Nowhere anyone named Cody stands a chance.

(laughs)

Hell, even a kushtaka would have a hard time nabbing you out here.

AUDREY

Bless you. A what?

DAHLIA

A kushtaka. It's like one of those things I was telling you about last time we talked. The shapeshifter type? They're, like, otter-man hybrids that lure people to their deaths. Big in Tlingit folklore around these parts. My grandma used to tell me stories about them here, probably what brought them to mind.

AUDREY

It seems like you guys have a lot of scary stories.

DAHLIA

Ah, well, gotta keep people on their toes out here somehow. Plus, like I said, you never know. Even the old stories still carry some weight these days in one way or another.



AUDREY

Can't argue with that.

(beat)

This garden is incredible, by the way.

DAHLIA

Isn't it? She's something else.

(beat)

Oh, oops. One second.

Dahlia rushes ahead a few steps. A goat bleats from afar.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Out of there, you stinker. Shoo. Are you trying to put Grandma Sage out of business?

Goat bleats and canters off.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Apparently, Casper has a death wish.

AUDREY

Oh my. Was he eating all that netting there? Choking hazard?

DAHLIA

Choking hazard is the least of his worries. Or ours, for that matter. See the plants underneath? Little white flowers? That's snakeroot.

AUDREY

That's a foreboding name.

DAHLIA

For good reason. The green parts are pretty toxic. Plus, they can pass through dairy and meat and stuff to whoever eats them. Dangerous stuff if you're selling goat cheese on occasion.

AUDREY

Why does she grow it, then?

DAHLIA

Swears by its root tea for fevers. Not that you'll ever catch me taking that risk.

AUDREY

How very metal of her.

DAHLIA

Isn't it? Until we all have a roast goat feast and die because Casper was feeling impish.

(beat)

I'm kidding. The netting's like three inches thick. It would never happen.

AUDREY

I'll just go vegan for that party.

DAHLIA

Why don't we head in and check back on her? Maybe we take a rain check on the rutabaga soup and hit the Scraper for lunch. Give her a little time to relax.

AUDREY

There's a BLT with my name on it. Lead the way.

TRANSITION

39. Grandma's kitchen. She flips through old photo albums.

DAHLIA

(from another room)

Hey, Grandma?

(beat)

Grandma!

SAGE

Oh. In here, dear.

Audrey and Dahlia enter the room.

SAGE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, I've forgotten to heat up some soup for you girls.

DAHLIA

Don't worry about it. We've decided to run to the Scraper for a little. Do you want anything? Sandwich? Soup? Double vodka cranberry?

SAGE

I'm all right, lovely.

AUDREY

Are those photo albums?

SAGE

What? Oh. Yes. I was cleaning up a little bit in one of the guest rooms. I suppose I became a little nostalgic. But I think I'll go take a nap, lovelies, if that's all right with you.

DAHLIA

Course it is, Grandma. Sure I can't bring you anything to eat?

SAGE

I'm quite all right. Just need to lie down.

(beat)

Good to see you again, Audrey.

AUDREY

You, too. Thanks for having me over.

Sage leaves.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Wow, these are old.

(beat)

Wait. Is that you?

DAHLIA

Hm? Oh God. Oh no.

AUDREY

Oh yes.

Audrey picks up an album and flips through it.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Oh my God. You were so dorky! Is this a laser backdrop?

DAHLIA

Give me that!

AUDREY

Nope. We're bringing it to lunch.

(beat)

A perm?!

TRANSITION

40. The Ice Scraper. People talking, glasses and dishes clinking.

DAHLIA

I stand by the angsty phase. It gave me character.

AUDREY

Fair enough, but did you have to use that much gel in your hair? Your head was a fire hazard.

DAHLIA

Oh yeah? Let's see some middle school Audrey, huh? I'd bet my plane you were the worst kind of horse girl.

AUDREY

I was a completely normal child.

DAHLIA

Oh, I bet.

Dahlia's chair scrapes the floor.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

I'm hitting the loo. I expect my beer to be refilled when I come back for all of the slander I'm getting.

Dahlia exits.

AUDREY  
Gold. Pure gold.

She flips the page.

GARETH  
(slurry)  
Whatcha looking at?

AUDREY  
Nothing. Just perusing.

GARETH  
Uh huh. Dahlia feeling sentimental  
about her old lady?

AUDREY  
Who? Sage?

Gareth taps his fingers against the page.

GARETH  
Dear old mom. Pretty lady. Shame.

AUDREY  
That's Dahlia's mom?

GARETH  
Yup. And there's Roxanne. Looks like a  
baby. And Everett. That man always  
looked old.

AUDREY  
And who's that beside Dahlia's mom?

GARETH  
Don't remember. Some outsider.

AUDREY  
Outsider?

IZZY  
Oh, shit.

GARETH

Yup. Lived here till he didn't. Cuz he died.

(beat)

Hey, Lonnie, top me off!

LONNIE

(from across the bar)

Ask me again in half an hour, Gareth.  
Maybe with more syllables.

IZZY

I'm sorry, Audrey. For ghosting you.  
And you know I'm serious because I'm  
not laughing at that.

(beat)

You don't have to say anything, I don't  
want you to look like a freak.  
But...I'm sorry. I shouldn't have gone.

(beat)

And I shouldn't have said what I said.

AUDREY

(quietly)

It's okay. I'm just glad you're back. I  
missed you.

IZZY

Yeah, same. We can work through all the  
mushy stuff later. But Audrey...that's  
Doyle.

AUDREY

Kinda figured.

(to Gareth)

Gareth. You said this guy died here?

GARETH

I didn't say nothing. Lonnie, come on!  
I'll do your tip jar good.

AUDREY

Gareth. Did this guy know Dahlia's mom?

GARETH

Errrybody knows errrybody here. Why?

IZZY

They're similar ages. And when he died...and when Dahlia said her dad died...

AUDREY

(quietly)

Wait. We don't know that yet.

IZZY

It would be a pretty huge coincidence otherwise.

Dahlia enters.

DAHLIA

Miss me? I see my beer's still empty.

AUDREY

Oh! Yeah, sorry about that. You know, I actually don't feel so great. I might take off and go lay down at home.

GARETH

I said why'd you wanna know?

DAHLIA

Know what?

GARETH

Bout your mom and the dead guy.

DAHLIA

My mom? What dead guy?

GARETH

Him. In the picture. What was his name?

LONNIE

Let it be, Gareth.

GARETH

Doyle! That's it.

DAHLIA

Doyle?

(beat)

Wait. That was the name you were asking after, Audrey.

AUDREY

Was I?

DAHLIA

Is...is that the guy behind my mom? Grandma said he was barely in town. A few days and left. Definitely not long enough for any pictures.

GARETH

Nah. He was here longer than that. Sweet on your mom, too.

DAHLIA

When was this?

AUDREY

He's just drunk, Dahlia.

DAHLIA

Drunk and been here forever. When was this, Gareth?

LONNIE

Don't you say another word, Gareth. Said too much already. Dahlia, you best leave it lie. No good will come of digging up the past.

DAHLIA

Is this why Grandma's been so weird after I brought him up?

AUDREY

I don't know.

DAHLIA

I...sorry, I have to run. I'll call you. I...

(beat)

Never mind. I have to go.

Dahlia leaves.



IZZY  
This isn't good.

AUDREY  
It sure as hell isn't.

Audrey's chair scrapes the floor as she gets up.

IZZY  
Does this mean...

AUDREY  
Yeah. One more time. For Dahlia.

TRANSITION

41. Woods ambiance. Shutter gently clapping, tree foliage brushing in the wind.

AUDREY  
Doyle!

DOYLE  
What? Oh. You. Come to tell me off again?

AUDREY  
Did you father a child while you were here?

DOYLE  
The fuck kind of question is that?

AUDREY  
One that might get you a step closer to getting free of this place, so I'd advise you to answer honestly.

DOYLE  
What is this? One day you tell me you're done with me for good, then you come back to interrogate me? Which is it, Audrey? I don't have all fucking day to deal with you running around playing detective.

IZZY

I'd reevaluate that timeline, asshole.

AUDREY

It's getting answers for a friend, Doyle. Look, I don't care if you stay here for the rest of eternity. But I have someone who deserves to know what's going on. So I'll ask again: did you get a woman pregnant while you were here?

DOYLE

If you mean did I get some, sure. Isn't exactly a chore for me.

AUDREY

Was it Dahlia's mom?

DOYLE

It was Rose. No idea who Dahlia's mom is. She's the pilot chick, right?

AUDREY

Was Rose Sage's daughter?

DOYLE

Sure was. And you know what? Sage liked me. Took her a while to warm up, sure, but after she came to terms, she was in my backyard three times a week, chatting me up and tending to my goats. Said she was mistaken and knew they'd all judged me unfairly.

AUDREY

Wait.

IZZY

What is it?

AUDREY

Goats. You said she tended to your goats?

DOYLE

Pretty sure I did.

AUDREY

Did you...eat them?

DOYLE

I wasn't keeping them as lawn ornaments. I kept the ones that milked good around longer, but eventually they all became lunch.

IZZY

Audrey, what is it? Where are we going?

DOYLE

Look, what the hell's going on here?

AUDREY

Do you want to know why you died or not, Doyle?

TRANSITION

42. Audrey approaches Sage's door. Loud voices can be heard from inside arguing. She knocks and they fall quiet. There are a few moments, then the door opens.

DAHLIA

Audrey? This really isn't a great time.

AUDREY

I know. I'm sorry. I just need...just a moment with your grandma. Please.

SAGE

(approaching door)

I thought you might come.

DAHLIA

What are you talking about?

SAGE

Let her in.

Audrey walks in and Dahlia closes the door behind her.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Why did you ask about Doyle, Audrey?

AUDREY  
It's hard to explain.

SAGE  
(sighs)  
Isn't everything? Doesn't matter now,  
though, does it?  
(beat)  
I assume you know.

AUDREY  
Snakeroot.

DAHLIA  
What?

SAGE  
Smart girl.

DAHLIA  
Listen, I don't want to snap, but I  
need someone to tell me what the hell  
is going on or I swear--

SAGE  
Easy, Dahlia.

DAHLIA  
You know about my father. Who he is.  
What happened to him. You lied to me.

SAGE  
Do not call him your father. He doesn't  
deserve that title.

DAHLIA  
Oh, really? What is he then?

SAGE  
He was a monster.  
(beat)  
Dahlia, lovely, I promise I only meant  
to protect you.

DAHLIA  
Grandma.

SAGE

He hurt your mother, Dahlia.

(beat)

He showed up one day and wouldn't leave her alone from the start. Every day he was here, and she, bless her soul, was too kind to tell him to get out. But he just kept taking and taking and taking. I could see her fading with each bit. Less and less she was here, always being taken away by him to his horrible little cabin.

(beat)

When she was here, she was so quiet. She wouldn't garden anymore. She wouldn't read. She'd just sit on the porch and watch the clouds go by until he came by and took her away again. He forced himself between her and everyone: her friends, the town. I was the last connection to anyone else she had, and even I could feel her slipping through my fingers like soil.

(beat, sigh)

One day, she came home white as a sheet. I'll never forget it. She wouldn't eat, wouldn't sleep. She sat in the shower for so long that I thought she was going to drown herself. She barely spoke a word to me.

(beat)

I passed by her bedroom a few months after it all started and saw the bruises on her. And her stomach. I knew then what he'd done. Even then she denied anything happened to her. I had to beg and plead with her, like a child, hours and hours on end until she'd tell me what had happened. It was torture for both of us.

(beat)

It broke our hearts.

DAHLIA

Me? He got her pregnant with me?

SAGE

Dahlia, she never, ever resented you for it. She just had no love in her left to give. She had nothing. It was like watching a ghost.

DAHLIA

What happened to him?

Sage exhales.

SAGE

Dahlia, please.

DAHLIA

No, Sage! No "please!" I've had to grow up my entire life not knowing about my father, and I've never asked any questions. Ever. If something happened to him, I deserve to know!

SAGE

I know you do. And I appreciate you for respecting my wishes not to discuss it all these years.

(beat)

I'm asking you to respect them one last time.

DAHLIA

I'm sorry. I can't. Please, please Sage. I'm begging you. Tell me what happened.

SAGE

Lord forgive me.

(beat)

I thought if he was gone, your mother might return to her normal self. That we could even be happy again, one day.

(beat, bitterly)

I was foolish.

DAHLIA

What did you do?

SAGE

I protected my daughter.

DAHLIA

Grandma. What. Did. You. Do.

SAGE

(beat)

I gave him some goats as a peace offering. I told him I didn't harbor any ill will for his taking my daughter from me. That I'd help him take care of the goats so he'd have some food of his own for the winter.

(beat)

He was gone two weeks later.

DAHLIA

(to Audrey)

Snakeroot. You said snakeroot.

(beat)

Oh my God. The goats.

SAGE

I wanted to protect my daughter. I wanted to protect you.

DAHLIA

You...oh my god.

(to Audrey)

How did you know?

AUDREY

It was a bizarre coincidence, Dahlia, I swear.

SAGE

Don't blame her. This sin is mine to carry. I only wish it wouldn't ever become yours to share.

DAHLIA

I...I have to go.

She exits hurriedly. Silence.

AUDREY

I should--

SAGE

Let her go. She'll need time.

(beat)

Might I confess something to you?

IZZY

Didn't she just do that?

AUDREY

Okay.

SAGE

After everything he did to my girl...

(beat)

Not a day goes by that I don't regret him going so easily. In his sleep, probably. A righteous man's death.

(long beat)

The bravery to be angry is power, Audrey. We're only lucky enough to let it get the best of us a couple of times in each life. When it does, seize it, and don't let it go until it's served its purpose good and well.

(beat, sigh)

You'll probably see Dahlia before I do. She's a smart girl. Give her time to process...everything. She'll come around.

AUDREY

I will.

(beat)

Will you be okay?

SAGE

Quite honestly, I haven't been exactly okay in about thirty years. Regret or not, sin like that becomes a part of you. I can make as many confessions as I'd like, but what I did will be a part of my story until I'm gone.



AUDREY

Doyle caused a lot of grief. To your daughter, to Dahlia. To the town. To you. That kind of grief...whether you all acknowledge it or not, it connects all of you. Strands and ties and sadness strung along between people. Like a web. You can't let it go because it's tethering you to him. And him to you. Neither of you can let go.

SAGE

I think he let go a long time ago.

AUDREY

I don't think it's that simple.

SAGE

How are you so young and so wise?

AUDREY

Trauma and grief are kind of my specialty.

SAGE

I sure am sorry to hear that.

(beat)

I'm going to go lie down for a bit if you don't mind, lovely. And Audrey?

AUDREY

Yes?

SAGE

Thank you. It's selfish to admit, but I was tired of carrying that sin alone.

(beat)

I appreciate you lightening the load.

TRANSITION

43. Woods and cabin ambiance of Doyle's home.

DOYLE

Well? What happened? Did you figure out who did it?

AUDREY

The who isn't as important as the why.

DOYLE

What do you mean "why?" Jesus, I thought we were over this. There was no mystery to solve on my end. It's just figuring out who whacked me.

AUDREY

Fine. You ate poisoned goat, Doyle. Whatever it was, milk or cheese or meat, it was toxic.

DOYLE

(exasperated)

For God's sake I told you, that was impossible. Everything I ate I...

(beat)

Wait. You left when I said the old lady helped raise my goats.

AUDREY

You abused her daughter, Doyle.

DOYLE

(loudly)

That's a goddamn lie! Are you saying that old fucking bat killed me?

AUDREY

Doyle. She did it to protect her daughter. I don't condone murder, but she made it very clear she wasn't the only wrongdoer in this story.

DOYLE

Listen to me: I did not--

AUDREY

You took her away from her family. You physically abused her. You made her pregnant with a child she didn't want.

DOYLE

I...no. No one loved her like I did. I'm a nice guy.

AUDREY

You keep saying that, but you've caused so much pain. You think that showing any kind of human decency entitles you to other people's time and attention, but it never, ever does. And you weren't in love. You had an obsession to possess something that can't be possessed. You just wanted to own her.

DOYLE

That's not true.

AUDREY

You'll never be free if you keep denying it. I promise you.

(beat)

You hurt so many people. Trauma like that is like a web. Everyone's interconnected by this pain that keeps them bound until they can finally come to terms with it. Now that Sage's confessed and Dahlia knows...you're the only string left. You have to accept it and let go.

DOYLE

But she killed me. She killed me. She can't just get away with that.

AUDREY

But it's over. You have to let this go or you will be stuck at this cabin forever.

(beat)

You're it. This story's been going on for too long. Lay it to rest. Cut that thread so everyone connected can be at peace. Including you.

Silence.

DOYLE

Wait. What's happening?

IZZY  
Tell the other side we said hi.

DOYLE  
(fainter)  
Where? What comes next?  
(beat, much fainter)  
Where am I going?

Doyle's voice fades out into nothing. Silence.

AUDREY  
Let's go find Dahlia.

TRANSITION

44. Nora typing in her office. Knock on the door.

NORA  
Be right there!

Nora walks to and opens the door.

NORA (CONT'D)  
Hi there. What can I do for you?

CODY  
Hello. Nora, right? I'm Dave Evans.

NORA  
Pleasure to meet you, Dave.

CODY  
You as well. Look, I just stumbled upon the most incredible kinetic sculpture at a hotel I stayed in recently. Really remarkable stuff. Anyway, I own a company that's been looking to commission the artist for some similar pieces and was told to get in touch with you.

NORA  
Oh...you were?

CODY  
Is that a problem?

NORA

It's just...well, we have a pretty coordinated chain of communication between buyers and myself. I should have been notified that you were going to call.

CODY

Oh my, I apologize. That's just me. I've got some connections I call on when I want something expedited, you know? To make sure I find the right people as soon as possible. Once I've got an idea in my head, I have to see it come to fruition almost immediately. I'm sure you understand.

NORA

Right...well, look. I'm a little tied up at the moment, but maybe we could make an appointment for another time.

CODY

Oh no, I promise I won't take up more than five minutes of your time. Look, this might sound a little strange, but I was really hoping to get in contact with this artist directly. I have this new building project I have a really specific vision in mind for. I'd love to show her some blueprints, pick her brain maybe.

NORA

I'm sorry, I'm afraid all correspondence between my artists and clients goes through me. But I'd be happy to make an appointment with you for another time. My secretary--

CODY

--is out for the day by now.

(beat)

I'll be candid, Nora. This is kind of a dream project. Contractors, designers, everyone else I'm communicating with

directly. I don't want to intrude, but I'd really like to insist that we correspond one-on-one.

NORA

I understand, Mr. Evans, but I'm telling you that that's unfortunately not an option. All client-artist communication must--

CODY

I can pay. Both of you. Well. Not to sound pushy, but both of you would be compensated handsomely. You especially, for catering to this project. And to my whims, if we're being honest. It's going to generate...well, I'll just say you'll be surprised at the offer I'm willing to make.

NORA

I'm afraid money isn't the issue here. But I promise that if you just come back tomorrow, my secretary can set up an--

CODY

For fuck's sake, this bitch is impossible, isn't she?

NORA

Excuse me? How did you get my name? This address?

(beat)

You...you're him.

CODY

Oh, has Audrey told you about me? That's really sweet.

NORA

Get out of here! Get...oh my god. Please put that away.

CODY

Go inside, Nora. Invite me in.

NORA

Okay, okay. Look, we can--

Nora gasps and stumbles as Cody shoves her backward.

CODY

Can't fucking win, can I? Cannot  
fucking win. Fine.

(beat)

I didn't want to have to do this.  
Audrey really does like you.

The door slams shut.

THE END